



HALLOWE'EN IN NEW YORK—DUCKING FOR PLUMS.

BOSS MURPHY.—Take your time, Ed, and get 'em all. His Knicklets here won't bother you.



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## Cartoons and Comments

### EVERY KNOCK IS A BOOST.

THE fable of the boy who cried "Wolf! Wolf!" when there was no wolf is pretty generally known. When he cried it first, people believed him. And they believed him the second time. But after awhile they discounted his shrill warnings, so when a wolf finally *did* come and make havoc among the sheep, people spoke the *Æsopian* equivalents of "Beat it!" and "Forget it!" Former Senator ALDRICH is crying "Wolf" in the case of the currency bill. He predicts dire consequences if it becomes a law. The opponents of the bill are featuring Senator ALDRICH and his opinions, and the late "Boss of the United States" has given many reasons why the bill should not be passed. These reasons may be good, and uttered with a sincere desire to serve the public interests, but whether they want to or not people cannot forget that ALDRICH was the chief wolf-crier whenever tariff reform was mentioned. Others took their cue from his lips and joined in the cry. With the passage of a Democratic tariff would come instant disaster to the industries of the country. They would shut down and give up the ghost, but a Democratic tariff bill has lately become a law, and behold, there *is* no wolf! American industries are not shutting down; they are not giving up the ghost. Even in highly-protected centres, like Pittsburgh and the wool districts, there is no dismay. Newspapers ask their correspondents to send in word of closing mills, and there is no such word to send. In other terms, if there *is* a wolf, he is making himself exceedingly scarce. How can the opponents

of the currency bill, in the face of this, expect ALDRICH's support to help them? How can they expect people to believe him or to have faith in his sincerity? Senator ALDRICH may be telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but whose fault is it if his audience is unconvinced? Nobody's but his own. For years he cried "Wolf!" in the case of the tariff, and there was no wolf; so, when he repeats his warning, the self-same warning of chaos and ruin, in the case of the currency bill, what reason have the masses for believing that the wolf is any more material

than it was before? If the opponents of the currency measure are wise, they will take Mr. ALDRICH off the stump, and they will take him off quick. He can do their cause no good. Perhaps in this case there *is* a wolf, a horrid, marauding beast, somewhere concealed in the currency bill, which will devour the flocks of commerce and industry, but if so, our advice to the big bankers is: Let somebody besides ALDRICH tell it. To many thousands of American citizens every knock by the former Rhode Island Senator is a swift and vigorous boost. Against his will, he is as good as a corps of expert press-agents for the other side.



A WARNING TO OTHERS.

A GOOD thing to remember in all this SULZER turmoil is that RICHARD CROKER once said: "I am in politics for my pocket all the time," and that CROKER was a typical Tammany leader. SULZER's impeachment and removal from office was not a triumph for clean government. It was a Tammany triumph, and Tammany, like CROKER, is in politics for its pocket all the time. Testimony at the trial showed that SULZER himself was not wholly indifferent to his pocket, but Tammany would never have found fault with him for that if SULZER had "been good" in other respects. The big lesson in the whole unfortunate affair is that, to fight Tammany successfully, one's own record, first of all, must be above reproach. SULZER's was not. There were loopholes in it through which Tammany could and did get back at him. Much as we may like to see stones thrown at Tammany, folks who live in glass houses should refrain from throwing them. "The People's House" was largely glass.





PENNILESS!

#### GONE AGAIN.



JIM has hit the trail again, could n't stay at home;  
Gone away to "somewheres else" far across the foam;  
Chucked a bully job—the fool!—when he heard the call,  
Talked about "the open road and its wander-thrall;"  
Said he could n't stand the strain, town was gettin' stale,  
So he made his getaway—Jim has hit the trail.

Jim has hit the trail again, tossed his chance away;  
Wonder where the crazy man's wandering to-day;  
Trekkin' over Africa, boatin' on the Nile,  
Ploddin' over India, mile on lazy mile,  
Stowin' on a freightin' tramp, beatin' it by rail,  
Where the devil *can* he be? Jim has hit the trail.

Jim has hit the trail again—that's the way he goes,  
Casual as any dust that the west wind blows;  
Not a bit of common sense, rover-born, the scamp,  
Magicked by a gipsy heart, always on the tramp;  
Citizen of everywhere, big and brown and hale,  
What could ever tie him down? Jim has hit the trail!

Jim has hit the trail again, full of foolish schemes;  
Carelessly he swaggers forth on the road of dreams;  
Surely he should settle down, earn his daily wage,  
Stay at home and vegetate to a "ripe old age;"  
See how I am anchored here; that's the way to be!  
Wonder where old Jim is at? Guess I'll go and see!

Berton Braley.

#### HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

A GOOD way to take an ink-stain out of the floor is to use a jackplane.

To get a tablecloth thoroughly clean stand over the wash-woman when she is at the tub and beat her with a piece of lead-pipe.

If you can't wash the dog clean in a tub, put him on the stove and boil him. Never roast him.

To get rid of rheumatism in the bones, give the gardener a day off, and do his work.

#### THE DECLINE OF OFFICE-SEEKING.

A YOUNG man in Rockmart, Georgia, writes to the Postoffice Department at Washington the following note:

POSTMASTER-GENERAL;—Der sir, i want a job with you all. Say i want a job of diaticceff. You writ soon to me. i sure wont me a job with you all. My age is 27 1-2 years old. Your kind freind.

"Diaticceff" is probably a free and easy rendering of "detective." The Rockmart young man is a close student of Old King Brady and Young Nicholas Carter. The time most young persons invest in the study of orthography this young man has put into detection, and he is now qualified, he believes, for a position.

The young man's reasoning is highly interesting, because it is a page from the political history of a period not quite, but nearly gone. He is an office-seeker of the old-fashioned kind. He argues: "The Democratic Party is in power. I am a Democrat. My daddy was a Democrat. Therefore I want a job with you-all." He states his case plumply, as an office-seeker should do. He states it insistently, which is also proper in a man looking for office.

"You writ soon to me." This is the note of a man who feels deserving.

"Your kind freind." This is a true office-seeker's touch. He does not know the Postmaster-General and the Postmaster-General does not know him; but it is a reasonable assumption that they are kind friends because they are both Democrats; and for what did the people elect a Democratic government unless it was to place Democrats in jobs of diaticceffing?

No qualifications are mentioned. No true office-seeker ever offered himself on qualifications. It is unreasonable to ask that merit be shown. Desire is shown—that is sufficient.

Rude hands have been laid upon the gentle art of office-seeking. A monstrous thing called the Civil Service now interposes itself between dad's boys and the Federal payroll. It is especially rough on the Democrats, because they have been waiting so long. It is particularly hard upon the young men of Rockmart because they are not in a position to realize that times have changed. Next Presidential year this young man, failing to become a diaticceff, may turn Republican; if he does, you can't blame him.

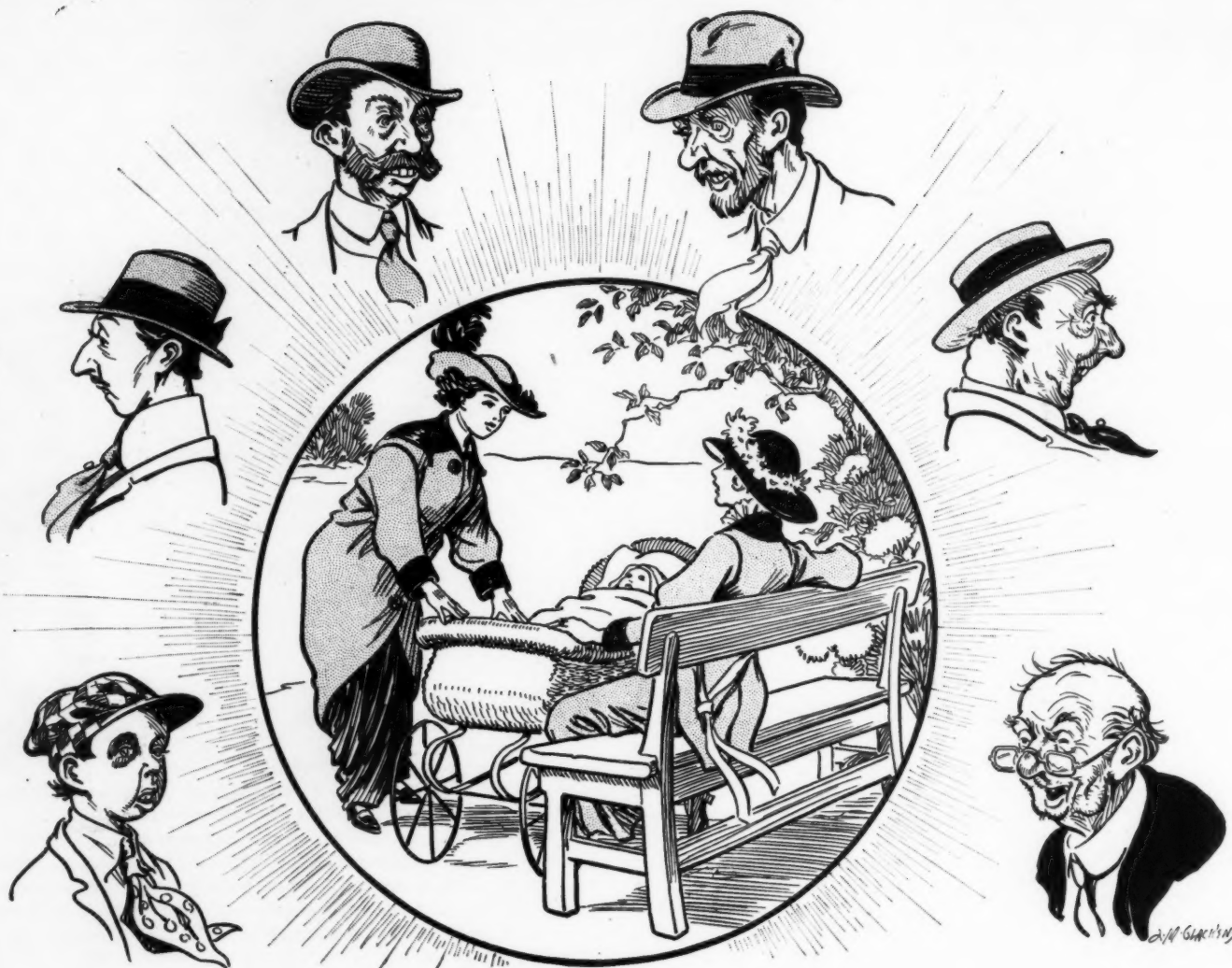
SOME women may angle for compliments, but most of the dear creatures depend on their curves.



PREPARING HIM.

UNCLE MIKE (to small nephew).—Now, Denny, I wish ye to be a good b'y—niver touch tebaccy or liquor—go to church reg'lar, and always be a gintleman; fer whin I die I'm goin' to lave ye me saloon!

When the Bulls and Bears go marketing there's always some young and tender mutton in jeopardy.



THE SEVEN AGES OF "BABY."

GUSHING FRIEND.—Oh, Mrs Newkid, such a beautiful baby! Positively, he is the prettiest baby I ever saw!

A LEGAL LAUGHER.



R. MCGLUE, I suppose?" said a robust-looking man, with an ashes-of-roses nose and a big mouth, walking into the office of that well-known merchant the other morning.

"You'll have to excuse me just now," said the business man, snapping his watch. "I've got a big case to attend in court this morning."

"Exactly," said the stranger. "I noticed it on the calendar, so I called. Don't you want to engage me?"

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Great Scott! No—I have n't sunk that low yet. I'm a legal cachinnator."

"A what?"

"Why, a professional laughter. I sort o' cap all the jokes of my client's lawyer. Don't you see? Exasperates the other side. Grapple the idea, don't you?"

"Can't say I do, exactly."

"Well, I'll explain. You see, there's nothing so effective in a jury trial as ridicule, satire, and things. Well, it is also a singular fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred jurymen never see the point of a joke, no matter how plain it is; but they are always ready to chip in and follow up any one who starts a laugh—just like a flock of sheep."

"Are, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Experience has proved that the large majority of mankind need to be told when to laugh. They have to be set in motion, so to speak, like a row of bricks."

"Yes, but——"

"But what has that to do with your case, eh? I'll tell you. You see, I sit on one of the front benches, where the jury can see me easily, and whenever your counsel cracks a joke and says something funny, or

intended to be funny, I laugh like an end-man of a minstrel show, and pound with a big cane. Of course the jury joins in and the other side becomes perfectly furious."

"Makes 'em mad, eh?" said the merchant.

"Just breaks 'em all up. And the madder their lawyer gets, the more the jury and spectators are impressed in your favor. Why, in Skeggs vs. Skinderly, last week, I actually laughed the plaintiff clear out of court."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, sir. You see, when the opposition counsel try to be funny in return I scrape my feet on the floor, cough, drop my stick, and look as solemn as a darky undertaker. I throw that in, though, without extra charge."

"That's kind of you."

"Don't mention it. Now, just retain me in your case, and I'll do you more good than all the high-priced lawyers in the country. It'll cost you just twenty-five dollars, and if you'll make it thirty dollars I'll also put on a couple of boys—apprentices of mine. They're not very reliable yet; but when we work together we're a team I tell you. One of 'em is particularly promising; has a mouth as big as all outdoors, and can break an ordinary window-glass—not plate-glass, you know—at six feet distance, by laughing at it, five times out of six. Nearly shook down the gallery while doing the 'deafening applause' and 'uncontrollable merriment' at a political meeting at Carnegie Hall the other night, completely broke up the opposition, and——"

"I'll—ahem!—I'll think of it. Yes, I guess you'd better drop in again this afternoon," said the merchant, thoughtfully.

And as Purfy, the defendant in McGlue vs. Purfy, is now trying to effect a compromise, it is fair to suppose the specialist was engaged and managed to deliver his goods.

Derrick Dodd.

**M**odern democracy too often is a system under which voters elect representatives to receive the orders of a boss.



A LESSON IN PERSEVERANCE.



E.X.

JIM.

**H**E'S risin' six months old, is Jim—  
James Cabell Clay Monroe, that's him—  
An' though I be his paw, I'll say  
He's 'bout the liveliest little limb  
Ye've struck fer many a day.

They ain't a many of his size  
Hez got sech knowin' sort o' eyes;  
An' w'en ye talk o' teef, I 'low  
His four kin take a pow'ful rise  
Spang out'n twenty you kin show.

Four's all he hez, but it do beat  
The bugs the way thet runt kin eat!—  
'T'ould do ye good ter see him git  
A gre't fat piece o' middlin' meat  
An' chawnk down ev'y lates' bit!

Ye don't ketch *him* ersleep at night—  
Ump-m! He's jes' so peert an' bright  
We-all er simply 'bleeged ter stay  
Awake an' pack him 'round till light;  
He won't hev things no other way.

An' grit! Ye oughter hear him bawl  
W'en he don't git his way—thet's all!  
An' kick, an' scretch, an' hold his breaf,  
An' turn right black, an' pitch an' maul  
Till you jes' gin plump in yerse'f.

I ain't no gift at speakin' fa'r,  
But hyere 's the matter plain 'n' squar'  
Ez rollin' off a 'log kerflick!—  
D' ye aim ter see a BABY, thar  
Is one down hyere at Toll'ver's Lick.

E. W. M.

AN IDYL OF THE STATION.

"GIVE me a ticket to Arlington, Ohio," he  
said to the woman ticket-agent in a  
New York village.

"One?" she asked, with a smile.

"Yes, one."

"Traveling alone?" she next inquired.

"Yes, entirely alone."

"Why don't you take your family along?"

"Madam, I have no family to take."

"You don't say! Married?"

"No, never married."

"My! How many single men there are now-  
adays. Don't you find life a burden?"

"No, not very much of a burden."

"I should think everybody who is n't married  
would find it so. I do."



HIS JOB.

YOUNG WIFE.—Oh, John, do you think  
Toodlecums will ever be rich?

YOUNG HUSBAND.—Well, he ought to  
save *something* out of fifty thousand a year  
if he gets two terms!



WHEN YOU WISH SHE WERE OLDER.

HER BIRTHDAY—A KISS FOR EACH YEAR!

"I'm very sorry to hear it, madam. My  
ticket?"

"Say, you don't know anybody who wants to  
marry a girl from this village, do you?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't just now, but  
if I hear of any such I'll let you know."

"I'd be ever so much obliged to you if you  
would. Just direct to Miss Zenobia Waldron, this  
village, and I'll be sure to get it. Will you?"

"Yes, I'll bear it in mind."

"And, say, if you want to correspond with  
me I can make arrangements to write to you  
Tuesdays and Fridays of every week."

"You're very kind; I'll consider it. Will  
you kindly give me my ticket?"

"Let's see, where do you want to go?"

"Arlington, Ohio."

"Say, you don't consider me forward, do  
you?"

"Oh, not in the least."

"Well, a good many folks say I am, but I'd  
rather have your opinion; you've seen so much of  
the world. By the way, what may I call you?"

"Charles F. Leslie is my name. But, madam,  
you are forgetting my ticket."

"You said Cincinnati, did n't you?"

"No—Arlington, Ohio."

"We don't sell tickets to Arlington; that's

on the other road. Guess you'll have to hurry  
to catch the train. I hear the whistle now.  
Now, don't forget what I told you. Will you,  
Charley? Good-by!"

ON THE MAKE.

EFFIE'S BROTHER.—Do you love my sister  
Effie?

EFFIE'S STEADY COMPANY.—Why, Willie, that  
is a queer question. Why do you want to know?

EFFIE'S BROTHER.—She said last night she  
would give a dollar to know, and I'd like to  
scoop it in.

BENEATH HIS DIGNITY.

MR. JOB LOTT.—Why is n't the store opened?  
What are you waiting for?

HIS MOST RECENT AND JUNIOR EMPLOYEE.  
—For the boy I have engaged to take down  
the shutters!

INOPPORTUNITY.

MRS. WHEELY.—Doan' be clappin' now, you  
Connaught fool. Cammilly do be dyin'.

MR. WHEELY (*who expected to see some jig-  
dancing*).—Thot's phwat Oi'm glad av!

**T**here would be fewer mysteries in this old world if everything were looked  
into as often as is the mirror.



NO PRIZE FOR AN ANSWER.

THEY are saying, out in Illinois, that Tom Rees is the best husband in the State; and some people go so far as to say that there is no husband anywhere in the broad land that approximates Tom's perfection in husbandliness. Mr. Rees owns the *Springfield State Register*. He is sixty-three years old and has been married twelve years. When he learned that he had been appointed a commissioner to the South American Republics for the Panama-Pacific Exposition he gladly accepted the call of duty. The family packed its trunks, bought a ticket for New York, gave the assistant editor of the *Register* a little last warning about the law of libel, and then—something awful happened.

Mr. Rees suddenly became aware of the heartless ruling by which women are forbidden to go to sea in battleships of the American Navy. Even commissioners of expositions, going to the front with set faces and the determination to do somebody or die, must go alone when they travel on one of the nation's ships. It was n't always so. The ladies—bless 'em!—used to resplend amid the dark, threatening environs of near-war. But some rude bachelor got into power, and now the battleships are strictly stag. This is what Tom Rees learned; and he balked. If he could not take his wife he would n't go. He would rather go back to the counting-room of the *Register* and leave the South American Republics to their dingy fate. And he did. And now he is famous for his euconjugality,—to coin a word in the interest of happy marriage.

Women are writing to Tom Rees and calling him a "dear," a "duck," and a "lamb." Women's clubs are discussing this outburst of chivalry in an unchivalric age. Everybody says, regardless of what everybody thinks, that this was a fine thing for Tom to do. But one wicked question looms up in the skeptic mind and will not down. Here it is, and if it be treason, make the most of it: "When Mr. and Mrs. Rees learned that women are not permitted to go on battleships, what were the first words Mrs. Rees said to Mr. Rees?"

PERHAPS you have noticed that deaf-mutes are always ready to take a hand in the conversation.

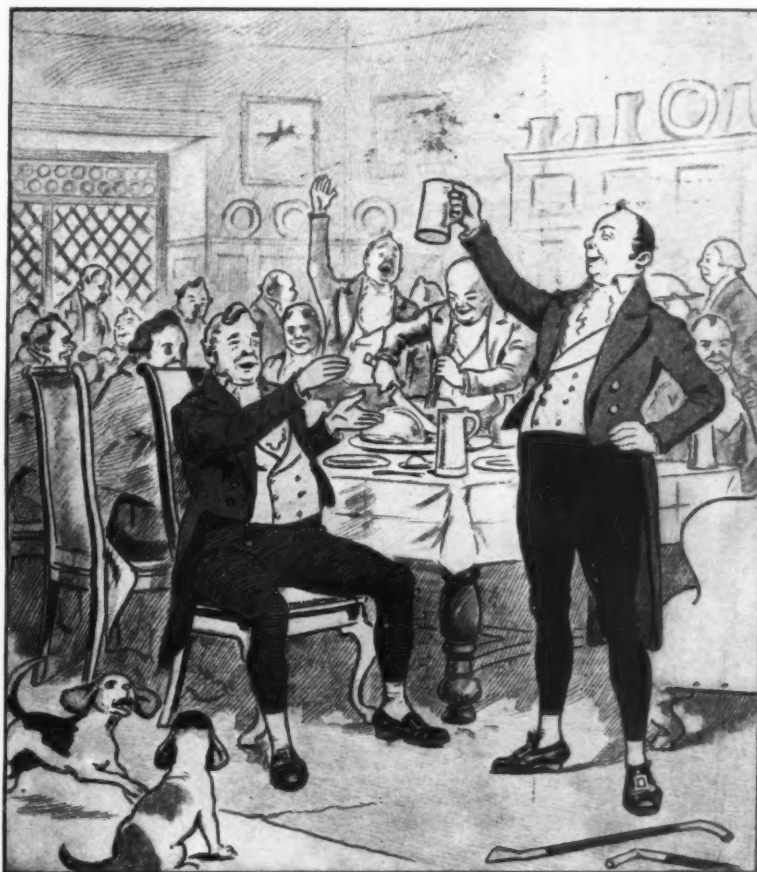


AN EARLY "PLAYER-AUTHOR."

CLAUDIUS SCRAPPICUS IS FORCED TO DICTATE HIS ACCOUNT OF THE GLADIATORIAL GAMES.

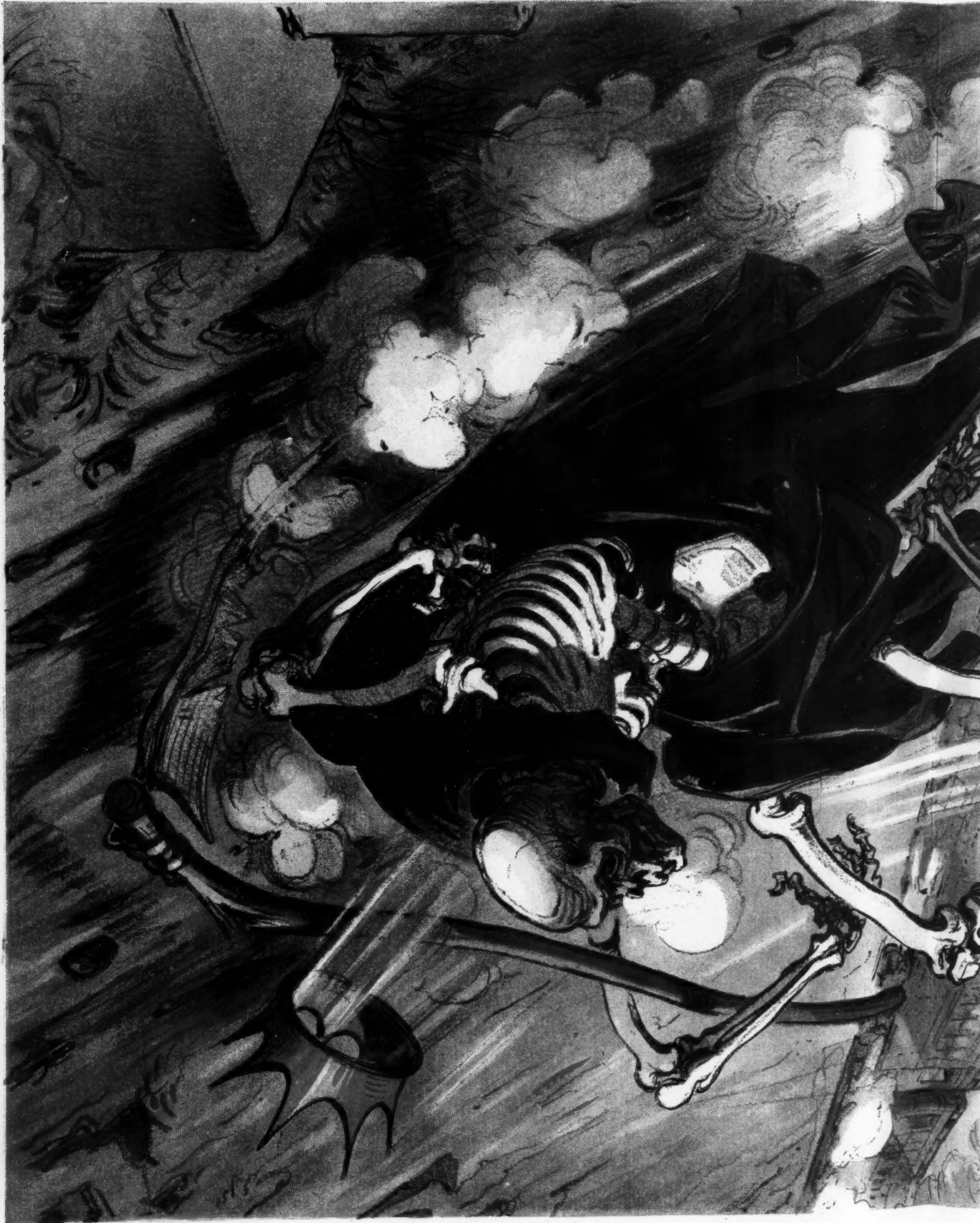
A CONDENSED NOVEL.

MR. WINN.—Well, Callis, how's Papa this morning?  
CALLIS (*a five-year-old*).—Nicely, I thank you.  
MR. WINN.—What a polite little fellow you are. Here's a nickel for you.  
CALLIS.—Pardon me; but I am not allowed to take it.  
MR. WINN (*to himself*).—What perfect discipline!  
CALLIS.—However, nothing was said which will prevent you from buying some of those cocoanut taffies from the man on the corner!



THE HUNT BREAKFAST.

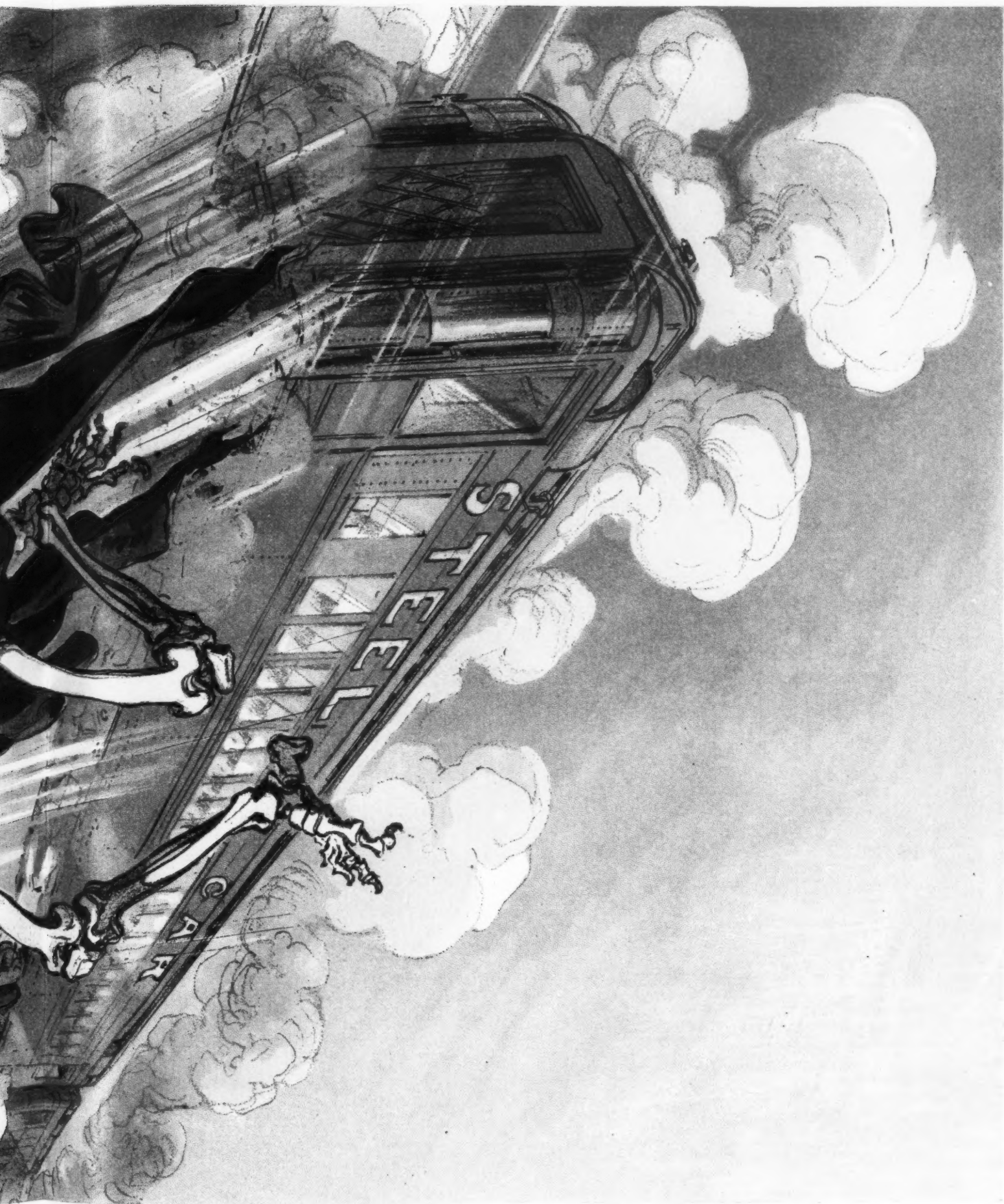
THE KIND YOU READ ABOUT AND THE REAL THING.



THE PUCK PRESS

"O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?"





PUCK



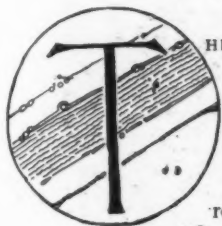
**"THE ISLE OF SAFETY."**





THE LAMP-SHADE SKIRT.

MOTHER.—I wonder where those children could have gone to!



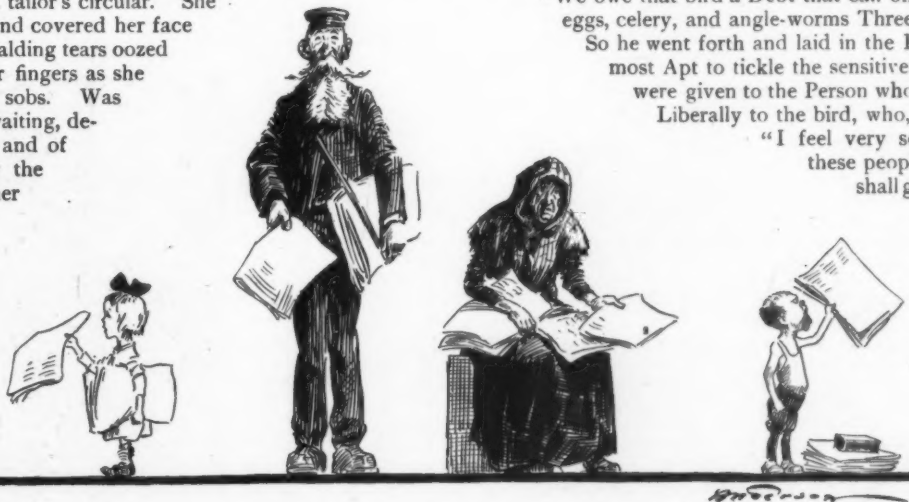
THE ABANDONED SEAMSTRESS.

THE cold gray shades of a winter evening were falling—like patent window-blinds. The last rosy rays of the sun fell gently on the bent shoulders and tossed hair of a woman who sat at the casement, looking out on the chill emptiness of a city street. Her face, still young and pretty, proclaimed education, even gentility—as did her slender white fingers, too frail to be roughened by toil. She wrung them despairingly.

"It will not come—I am sure it will not come!" The fire was dying in the open grate. "If those people only knew," she said, "what suffering they cause with their delays! While they go on cheerfully, and have so much money, they will hardly look at you! Yet she promised to let me have it to-day."

There was a ring at the bell! She sprang to her feet, and pressed her face eagerly against the pane. But it was only the postman with a tailor's circular. She sank back in her chair and covered her face with her hands, while scalding tears oozed one by one between her fingers as she burst into a passion of sobs. Was she a poor sewing-girl, waiting, deprived of her just dues and of her humble dinner by the capricious delay of her wealthy patroness?

No, sympathetic reader, no! It was, on the contrary, the rich girl herself, whose prevaricating dressmaker had promised to let her have the new evening gown she must wear that night "before three o'clock that afternoon, at latest, without fail."



THE NEWSBOYS OF NEW YORK.

ASSEMBLYMAN BROWN.

YEZ may talk av yer Sayzers an' Nebbycudnayzers, Yer Princes an' Kaisers, the greatest an' laste, Av Romans an' Gracians an' Throjans an' Thraycians, An' ancient Phynacians that lived in the Aist; But there's not wan at all o' thim, great wans or small o' thim, Short wans or tall o' thim, as worthy renown As that wise legislator an' brilliant debater An' famous orator, Assimblyman Brown.

There wor Romulus, Raymus, an' great Polyphamus, Aich av whom a shtrong claim has on history's page; There wor Hector an' Nayro, an' Plutarch an' Playro, An' Gracchus, the hayro an' soldier an' sage; An' others, whose mintion would dhrav your attention— Min o' great comprehension, deservin' their crown— But even their Platos wor all small pertatoes Compared to that Phaynix, Assimblyman Brown.

There's no muddyphysician has his erudition An' any position he'd aisily win, For he knows the constructions o' fractions an' fluctions, Substractions, reductions, the outside an' in; An' as for verbosity, syntax, an' prosody, I'll pledge me verosity none can be foun' Has so sparklin' a janious, or wit so spontaneous As the boss av our disthricht, Assimblyman Brown.



Begob! he's a daisy. I says to him, says I: "Me friend, you'll go crazy av you don't take care, For your brain must be whirlin' an' twistin' an' twirlin', Convolutin' an' curlin' like motes in the air; There's the Greek an' Latin an' Haybrew you put in, An' the divvle knows what in ye can't bate the town." An' he answered me, laughin': "Git out wid yer chaffin', An' say what ye'll dhrink wid Assimblyman Brown."

David Rorty.

THE CANARY AND THE BOARDER.

ONCE upon a time a certain Canary said to himself, as he sharpened his Bill on the cuttle-fish that Dangled on a yellow ribbon in his cage: "They don't seem to notice me Much any more. No one comes up and calls me Pet names. I think I shall just show them that I resent their Negligence by keeping my mouth shut hereafter."

So the little Bird acted out its Resolve by sitting in the ring and swinging to and fro All day long. In a whole week it did n't emit a solitary Note. A man who was boarding in the house thought he noted more Sunshine than usual, and asked his friends if they did n't Think he had a fuller Habit and a clearer Eye. Having become Convinced that he was in every Respect a better man, he said to the People:

"We owe that bird a Debt that can only be repaid with hard-boiled eggs, celery, and angle-worms Three times a day."

So he went forth and laid in the Bait that he thought would be most Apt to tickle the sensitive palate of the Canary. They were given to the Person who kept the place, and dealt out Liberally to the bird, who, on reflection, sang:

"I feel very sorry that I have Misjudged these people who are so Kind to me. I shall gurgle my Gratitude in 'Strains of unpremeditated Art.'"

It then gurgled in such a Lively manner that the Boarder was reduced to a skeleton and had to Go to the country for his Health.

The Moral teaches us, first, that a bird that can Sing, but won't sing, is a treasure; and, second, that there is a Fortune awaiting the man who will Produce a patent food to Prevent a bird from Singing.

**Truth is said to be stranger than fiction, and many people seem newer to care for an introduction.**

# FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

USE THE FAMOUS ENGLISH REMEDY  
**BLAIR'S PILLS**  
SAFE, GENTLE, EFFECTIVE, FOR RELIEF OF  
**RHEUMATISM**  
50¢ & 75¢ at DRUGGISTS or 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

## MISCONSTRUED.

An American motoring through a small Scotch town was pulled up for excessive speed.

"Did n't you see that notice, 'Dead Slow'?" inquired the policeman.

"Course I did," returned the Yankee, "but I thought it referred to your durned little town!"—*London Evening Standard.*

## ONLY A TRIFLE.

"Is it true that both your husband and the man who lives next door to you have failed in business?"

"Yes, but Ned's failure is n't nearly so bad as Mr. Naybor's. He failed for fifty cents on the dollar, while my husband failed for only ten cents on the dollar."—*Boston Transcript.*

## MORE ANCIENT.

"They say that chess is the oldest game," remarked the Old Fogey.

"Poker is older than chess," said the Wise Guy.

"How do you know?" asked the Old Fogey.

"Did n't Noah draw to pairs on the Ark and get a full house?" replied the Wise Guy. — *Cincinnati Enquirer.*

## WHERE WE WIN.

"In China the oath of brotherhood is taken by breaking a cup."

"If that worked in this country our cook would be sealed to us for life." — *Kansas City Journ'l.*

## GYMNASTIC STUNT.

BARBOUR. — You seem warm. Have you been exercising?

WATERS. — Yes, indeed! I went to the deaf mutes' dance and swung dumb belles around all the evening. — *Gargoyle.*

## SIGNS OF RECOVERY.



REV. CALLER. — Well, Mrs. Mangles,

and is the good man any better?

MRS. MANGLES. — Oh, yes, sir. 'E's nearly all right agen, sir. 'E don't say 'is prayers no more of a night now, sir.

— *Sydney Bulletin.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

## SUCH A SHOCK.

FIRST MESSENGER BOY. — I had to take a pretty tough wire up to that Kildey girl on de ave. dis morning. Railway smash an' a lot of her folks badly hurt. She made me stay while she read it.

SECOND DITTO. — Did she faint?

"Nope."

"Scream?"

"Nope."

"What did she say?"

"She said, 'What do you know about that?'" — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

## COLLEGE HAS BEGUN.

"D'y'e make a living writing?"

"Yep, writing father." — *Cornell Widow.*

"Don't you think you ought to be treated for the drink habit?"

"Well, that is a more economical way of getting 'em than buying 'em." — *Balto. American.*

## DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

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## THE ROAD TO WEALTH.

The men who every time they shave At home, some fifteen centimes save, Can soon put lots of wealth away By shaving several times a day.

— *Milwaukee News.*

## THE DIFFERENCE.

"Did he build his cottage on the cliff?" I asked of one to sneer inclined.

He said, with quite a cynic sniff:

"No—most of it was built on wind."

— *Town Topics.*



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### RAGS AND TAGS.

We have a little list of them,  
The words that we abhor,  
The special line of language  
We've so often heard before;  
The stilted, trite, and vulgar,  
The weak attempts at style,  
The *Bellman* knows a lot of them,  
And keeps his list on file.

There's "food for thought," a hoary wreck,  
And "safe and sane" as well,  
And "ultimate analysis,"  
Which "in our midst" doth dwell;  
"Along these lines" provokes his wrath,  
And "viewpoint" drives him mad,  
While those who "make for righteousness"  
Send good folks to the bad.

He's "severed his connection," meaning  
Johnny's lost his place,  
With "simple life" and "strenuous"  
Provoke a wry grimace;  
The "flutter in the dovescotes"  
Makes *The Bellman* tear his hair,  
While "slated for" and "being groomed"  
Is more than he can bear.

There's "cultural" and "gripping,"  
"Red-blooded" and "galore,"  
With "fictionist" and "artistry"  
And half a hundred more;  
"Uplift" and "sleuth" and "plutocrat"  
And "multimillionaire,"  
With all the silly string of words  
Like "makes for" and "bids fair."

Fine writing fills his soul with gloom,  
Hysteries please him not,  
Nor lady-like attempts to swear  
By use of dash or dot;  
In short, *The Bellman* interdicts  
The feeble and the trite,  
All Grub Street's worn-out stock in trade,—  
Take notice, ye who write!

—*The Bellman*.

ENTHUSIAST (at musicale). — We shall hear more of this young man.  
SUFFERER. — Not to-night, I hope.—  
*Houston Post*.

### BRAND-NEW EXCUSE.

Casey announced to his wife, Ellen, that he was going to the ball game. All day he was gone. Night came, but no Casey to take his place at the head of the table. Midnight and no Casey—1 o'clock—2 o'clock—3 o'clock—no Casey.

As the 6 o'clock whistles began to blow Casey stumbled up the front steps into the house and awakened his wife by his efforts to negotiate the stairs. She hopped out of bed and met her better half in the hallway.

"Well?" said Mrs. Casey, determination written on her Amazon face.

"Sallrite, Illin," said Casey, weakly. "The game was called on account of daylight."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

### AN UNPLEASANT TASTE.

A South Side housewife who was preparing to put some furs and other winter clothing away for the summer placed a small bag of moth-balls on the table in the dining-room and went into the kitchen to look after her baking. When she returned she saw her young son making a wry face.

"What's wrong, Robert?" she inquired.

"Nothing much, mamma," replied the boy, "but I do believe those marshmallows are spoiled."—*Youngstown Telegram*.



LADY (to loafer who has asked for money).—You'll only drink it, I suppose, instead of taking it home to your wife.

LOAFER.—I ain't got a wife, lidy. I'm earnin' me own living!—*Punch*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### TOO NUMEROUS.

A darky employed as an office-boy in Kentucky came to work one morning with a face that looked as though it had been run through a meat-grinder.

"Henry," demanded his surprised employer, "what in the world happened to you?"

"Well, suh, boss," explained Henry, "I got into a li'le argument las' night wif another nigger, and one thing led to another twell I up and hit at him. Well, suh, it seemed lak dat irritated him. He took and blacked both of mah eyes and bit both of mah years mighty nigh off, and split mah lip and knocked two of mah teef loose; and den he th'owed me down and stamped me in de stomach. Honest, boss, I never did git so sick of a nigger in mah life!"—  
*Saturday Evening Post*.

# Pears'

"Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win."

One cake of Pears' con-vinces.

Sold all over the world.

### KNEW WHERE SHE WENT.

An attorney was cross-examining a witness.

"You say you left Boston on the sixteenth?" queried the lawyer.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"And returned on the twenty-eighth?"

"Yes, sir."

"What were you doing in the interim?"

"I never was in such a place," she replied indignantly, with heightened color.—*Sunday Magazine*.

WIFE.—Wretch! Show me that letter.

HUSBAND.—What letter?

WIFE.—The one in your pocket. It's from a woman. I can see it by the writing, and you turned pale when you saw it.

HUSBAND.—Here it is. It's your dressmaker's bill.—*Kansas City Star*.

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### THE FIRST AFFINITY.

By Carl Hassmann.

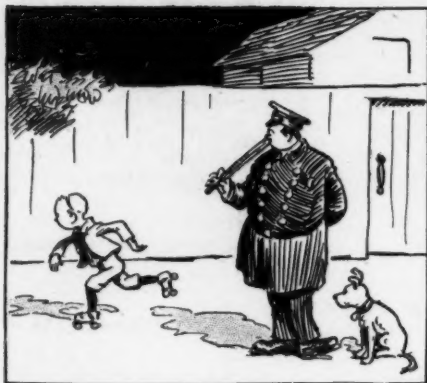
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## PUTTING THE ROLLERS UNDER HIM.



"There's an idea! I'll get a pair of roller-skates!"



"It'll have to be a fast burglar to get away from me!"



"By Jinks! I'm playing in fine luck! There's one now!"

### COOLING OFF.



ONLY recently I was obliged to have a change of administration in the culinary department. It had long been a question in my mind who was running the house—myself or the cook. I could n't exactly satisfy myself, but concluded that, as I paid the rent, I had a right to at least a voice in the matter. So I went downstairs and consulted the cook herself on the subject. She seemed greatly offended at what I could not help considering my impertinence. So I discharged her on the spot, fearing that if I did not she might dismiss me. She would no doubt feel sore and disappointed, though, if she knew that the silver on the spoons she took with her is only skin-deep.

But it is not with the ex-steak-destroyer that this has to do. It is with her successor who arrived a day or two later. She was one of the most high-toned women I ever saw. I felt small and mean when obliged to ask her to perform a menial service. She seemed like one born to govern a kitchen a mile long, and to ride up and down the same on horseback, and give orders with a large, waving spoon. She seemed so superior in every way that I felt it necessary for my general happiness to ascertain her limitations. So I said to her on the day she arrived:

"Can you make soup?"

"Oh, yes," she replied.

"What kind?"

"Every kind," she replied.

"Can you make mulligatawny?"

"Never heard of it," she said.

"Can you make a bisque of crab?"

"What's that?"

Without replying I asked:

"Can you make lobster croquettes à la Kalamazoo?"

She seemed dazed.

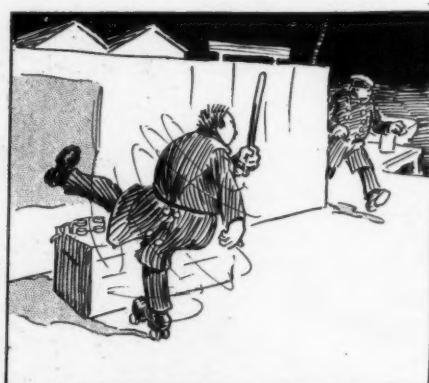
"How are you on making *filet de bœuf aux champignons*?"

She replied not, but looked as though she had been hit with the tail of a cyclone. She seemed overcome with grief, and every moment I expected to see her wilt like a paper shirt-front in a thunder-shower.

"Suppose I should ask you to get me up an epigram, a salmi, or a fricandeau of badger à la Montpelier-on-the-Onion, then what would you do?"



"Gee! I forgot to put me other skate on!"



"Just wait a minute, you!"



"Yes! I saw the miscreant, Inspector, but I had an attack of vertigo and could n't run a step!"

Tears were streaming out of her false eyes by this time. She seemed to be on the point of accusing me of calling her names, when I said:

"Can you roast beef?"

"Yes."

"Can you cook steak?"

"Yes."

"Without a frying-pan?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you can do *that*, you're engaged."

Then she took charge of us.

### AN AGGRAVATED FAULT.

SHE hath still a waist too slender,  
Albeit we have frowned,  
For the greater that objection,  
The easier it is got around.

THE detective is about the only man left who "does good by stealth" nowadays.

### OVERDID IT.

"MR. SILBERSTEIN," said the young man, gazing with a look of eagerness, not unmingled with uncertainty, upon the shrewd, careworn features of the parent of his adored one, "perhaps you anticipate the purport of my visit. I come to ask you for the hand of your daughter Rebecca."

"So?" said the old man, meditatively. "You was a goot peezeness man, Isaacs, but

my daughter will be wealthy some fine day."

"Yes, I know; but I swear, Mr. Silberstein, that it is not her gold that I seek. I love her for herself alone. Money alone cannot bring happiness in married life. I care not for her money—"

"Vot!" exclaimed the merchant, as a dazed expression passed over his features. "I don't kvite understand—"

"I repeat," continued the youth, carried away by his emotion, "that I love your daughter for her own sweet sake alone, and were she a pauper I would make her mine. I care nothing for the money which she may inherit some fine day—"

The old man had risen in his wrath, and sternly pointed to the door.

"Go oudt rightd away! Nod gare aboutd der moneysh! Vy, you are crazy! Nod another vordt aboutd my daughter. You dinks I allow her to marry an idiot, heh? So hellup me grashus, dot vas lucky I haf found oudt your character bevore id vas too late!"

### AN EVENER.

SALESMAN.—Well, cully, whatcher want?

CUSTOMER.—I want to buy a hat.

SALESMAN.—Why didn't yer say so? Move lively now! This ain't no morgue.

CUSTOMER.—I don't like to be spoken to like that.

SALESMAN.—Yer don't? Well, whatcher stoppin' the wheels 'f trade fer? Didjer ever see a real hat?

CUSTOMER.—That's enough! Good-day.

SALESMAN.—Just wait a minute, sir. I recognize you as ticket-seller at the Imperial Central Station. I tried to buy a ticket of you yesterday, and I've just endeavored to give you an imitation of the way you treated me. What's the size, sir?

**The brain-worker has the advantage of free raw materials except when he taxes his own ingenuity.**





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## EXTREME POLITENESS.

When old Si Simlin went to town  
He looked straight up and never down.  
He turned his head from each passer-by  
And fixed his gaze on the buildings high.

The crowds swept on in fine array,  
We spoke to him of the great display,  
But it had no interest for Si,  
He wanted to look at the buildings high.

Said he: "Just once I took a view,  
And I caught a glimpse of the fashions new.  
I could n't describe 'em if I'd try,  
But I guess I'll look at the buildin's high."

"If a lady has n't goods enough  
For a regular dress of well-spun stuff,  
No slash or shadow shall ketch my eye,  
I'll keep it fixed on the buildin's high!"  
—Washington Star.

## COLOR BLIND.

The small boy entered the store and  
said, "Give me a pound of tea."  
"Black tea or green tea?" asked  
the grocer.

"Don't make no difference," the  
boy replied, "it's for a blind woman."  
—Successful Farming.



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RECKLESS management never made  
wreckless railroads.—Washington Post.

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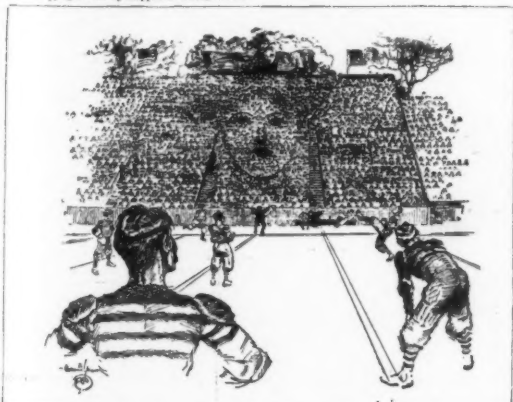
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By Gordon Grant.

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## DEEP BREATHING

By D. O. Harrell, M.D.

**I** BELIEVE we must all admit that deep breathing is a very desirable practice. Furthermore, we know it to be a fact that not one person in twenty, or perhaps one person in a hundred, really breathes deeply. Every physician can verify the statement that we are daily called upon to prescribe drugs for ailments that owe their cause directly to insufficient and improper breathing—Oxygen Starvation.

Breathing is the Vital Force of Life. Every muscle, nerve cell, in fact every fibre of our body, is directly dependent upon the air we breathe. Health, Strength and Endurance are impossible without well-oxygenated blood. The food we eat must combine with abundant oxygen before it can become of any value to the body. Breathing is to the body what free draught is to the steam boiler. Shut off the draught, and you will kill your fire, no matter how excellent coal you use. Similarly, if you breathe shallowly, you must become anæmic, weak and thin, no matter how carefully you may select your diet.

I might continue indefinitely to cite examples of the great physiological value of deep breathing. For instance, it is a well-known fact that worry, fear, and intense mental concentration practically paralyze the breathing muscles. This depressing condition can be entirely overcome through conscious deep breathing.

The main benefit of physical exercise lies in the activity it gives the lungs. What we term "lack of healthful exercise" in reality means insufficient lung action. Exercise that does not compel vigorous deep breathing is of little real value. Unfortunately, few persons have the strength and endurance to exercise violently enough to stir the lungs into rapid action. This is especially true of women and also of men who have permitted their muscles to become weak. Common sense, therefore, dictates that the lungs should be exercised independently through deep breathing gymnastics.

—Puck.

Unfortunately, few persons have the slightest conception of what is really meant by deep breathing. In fact, few physicians thoroughly understand the act. Ask a dozen different physical instructors to define deep breathing, and you will receive a dozen different answers. One tells you it means the full expansion of the chest, another tells you it means abdominal breathing, the third declares it means diaphragmatic breathing, and so on.

Recently there has been brought to my notice a brochure on this important subject of respiration, that to my knowledge for the first time really treats the subject in a thoroughly scientific and practical manner. I refer to the booklet entitled "Deep Breathing," by Paul von Boeckmann, R.S. In this treatise, the author describes proper breathing, so that even the most uninformed layman can get a correct idea of the act. The booklet contains a mass of common sense teachings on the subject of Deep Breathing, and "Internal Exercise." The author has had the courage to think for himself, and to expose the weaknesses in our modern systems of physical culture.

I believe this booklet gives us the real key to constitutional strength. It shows us plainly the danger of excessive exercise, that is, the danger of developing the external body at the expense of the internal body. The author's arguments are so logical it is self-evident that his theories must be based upon vast experience. Personally, I know that his teachings are most profoundly scientific and thoroughly practical, for I have had occasion to see them tested with a number of my patients.

The booklet to which I refer can be obtained upon payment of ten cents in coin or stamps by addressing Dr. von Boeckmann directly at 2610 Tower Bldg., 110 W. 40th St., New York. The simple exercises he describes therein are in themselves well worth ten times the small price demanded.



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